

10c P.M.

JUNE, 1948

NO. 3

CRIME

AND

10¢

PUNISHMENT

OBeyJ THE LAW

CRIME
DOES NOT
PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

TRUE
CRIMINAL CASE
HISTORIES!

MIKE, YOU WORRY ME—
YOU GOT YELLOW WAYS!
YOU GOT TOO MUCH RESPECT
FOR THE BLUE BOYS! YOU'RE
TOO LIABLE TO END UP AS
A FINGER LOUSE, AN'
STICK US ALL IN
THE HOT SEAT!

AN' TELL
'IM TO LEGGO
OF MY ARM, OR
I'LL GIVE IT TO
HIM, TOO!

DEDICATED TO THE
ERADICATION OF CRIME!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



You're a Smo-o-oth Number...



- Freedom-loving nylon panty—for your more active hours. A natural under slacks and shorts.

6 WONDERFUL FEATURES

1. It's DuPont Nylon
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3. Dries Quickly
4. Lasts Indefinitely
5. Hugs Your Figure
6. Costs So Little

IN THIS

NEW NYLON 2 Way Stretch GIRDLE

Guaranteed Whistle-Bait — that's you in this smooth-and-comfy nylon 2-way stretch. No bones to dig your ribs. Just soft, light DuPont Nylon with firm elastic that stretches up-and-down and sideways for plenty of freedom. And oh! How this wonder-girdle hugs your curves . . . molding your figure naturally, smoothly. It's just enough girdle to give your clothes that trim, made-for-you-alone look. As for washing . . . it's a breeze! Just dunk this neat little number in sudsy warm water. Remember—it's NYLON and dries in a jiffy! What's more . . . this slimming, trimming 2-way stretch comes in two styles — regular and panty. Panty version has removable garter straps. Both lovely styles in glamorous nude.

REGULAR \$7.98
VALUE
To You...
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Only **2.98** *

SPECIAL 10-DAY FREE TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

You don't have to pay a cent if you don't agree that this nylon 2-way stretch does wonders for your figure. Wear it for 10 days. If you aren't absolutely satisfied . . . send it back! Here's an offer no smart gal can afford to miss. Mail this coupon RIGHT AWAY!

KEM COMPANY, Dept. 25, 18 East 41st Street, New York 17, N.Y.
Rush Nylon girdles, check Panty Regular. I will pay postman only \$2.98 each plus postage. Send extra crochets at 49¢ each C.O.D. plus postage. If not completely satisfied, I may return within 10 days for full purchase price refund.

Check Size: Small Medium Large

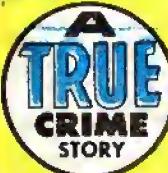
Check here if you enclose money now. We pay postage. Same refund guarantee.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



EMIL RECK

(the terrible)

HIS RAMPAGE OF MURDER CREATED
THE MOST SHOCKING MONTH OF
CRIME IN CHICAGO'S HISTORY!

ONLY TWO EXCUSES FOR HUMAN BEINGS CALLED HIM A "FRIEND"! ONE-A HOPELESS DRUNKARD, THE OTHER, A HERO-WORSHIPPING 'YES-MAN'; BUT KILLERS ALL!

WHERE'S THE PATIENT? OH...TH. THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! I MUST HAVE THE WRONG ADDRESS...

NO, YOU HAVEN'T, DOC! WE'LL PRODUCE A PATIENT FOR YOU IN A MINUTE!

LISTEN TO HIM PLAYIN' DUMB—AS IF HE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS HIM!

WHENEVER I THINK OF TERROR, I THINK OF EMIL, THE TERRIBLE! EMIL RECK DEFIED EVERY LAW OF HUMAN NATURE—EVEN THE ASSASSIN OF THE JUNGLE STALK THEIR PREY OUT OF NECESSITY! EMIL THE TERRIBLE, STALKED HIS PREY TO APPEASE HIS INSATIABLE HUNGER FOR BRUTE AND SAVAGE VIOLENCE! YES, HERE WAS ONE TIME I WOULD HAVE GIVEN ANYTHING YOUR SIDE OF ETERNITY TO HAVE BEEN ALIVE AGAIN AND TO HAVE STOOD BETWEEN EMIL, THE TERRIBLE, AND THE RECORD HE WROTE INTO MY BOOK OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT!

IN CONSIDERATION OF INNOCENT PEOPLE INVOLVED AND RELATIVES OF OTHERS, THE NAMES OF SOME CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE MAGAZINE ARE FICTIONAL.
the editors

IN 1934, IN CHICAGO, THERE DWELT A YOUTH OF SUCH UNCOMMON FEROCITY THAT HE WAS DUBBED EMIL THE TERRIBLE, BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM! ONLY TWO EXCUSES FOR HUMAN BEINGS CALLED HIM A FRIEND! DURLAND NASH AND ROBERT GOETHE CLUNG TO EMIL RECK AS SUCKER FISH CLING TO THE BODY OF A TIGER SHARK, GOING WHERE THE SEA TIGER GOES, EATING WHAT HE EATS, SHARING FATE AND FORTUNE WITH THEIR FEROCIOS BENEFACITOR! THEIR RAMPAGE CREATED THE MOST SHOCKING MONTH OF CRIME IN CHICAGO'S HISTORY!

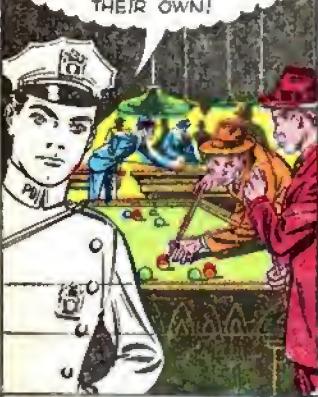
OBEY THE LAW

THIS IS A POOL PARLOR—A PLACE WHERE A LITTLE MONEY BUYS A LITTLE DIVERSION—TO SOME, PERHAPS, BUT NOT TO HOODLUMS TOO POOR TO RENT A DEN OF THEIR OWN!

HERE'S WHERE THESE YOUNG FELONS PLAN THEIR CRIME, WHERE THE CLICKING OF CUES AGAINST BALLS MATCHES THE CLICKING OF IDIOTIC PLANS IN IDIOTIC MINDS!

THICK SMOKE CURLS AROUND THICK SKULLS—HATCHING THICKER PLOTS—LISTEN TO 'EM!

THIS IS SATURDAY NIGHT—it's movie night! Nobody'll be home! The back window has a broken lock!



LIQUOR INFAMES THEIR HOPES TILL THEY SEE BOUNDLESS SUCCESS IN CRIME! IT LOOKS EASY THROUGH GLASSY EYES, BUT ABOUT AS POSSIBLE AS PUTTING 15 BALLS INTO SIX POCKETS WITH ONE SHOT!

Nobody else can, but I can—lookit—they're all goin' hic'in'!

YA HOPPED UP JUMPSKULL! LOOK WHAT YA DONE TO THE FELT!

LET DURL ALONE, HORSEFACE! HE CAN SCRATCH THE TABLE ANY TIME HE WANTS! HE'S PAYIN' FOR HIS TIME, AINT HE? IT AINT HIS FAULT IF THE FELT IS HALF ROTTED!

STAY OUTTA THIS, BIG MOUTH! I'LL RUN MY JOINT MY WAY!

MAYBE HORSEFACE DON'T KNOW WHO HE'S TALKIN' TO! HORSEFACE HAS GOTTA LEARN WHO'S WHO, EH?

I'M WITH YA, EMIL!



HEY, SOMEBODY, GIVE US SOME MORE BALLS!

HAND ME SOME MORE BALLS! I WANNA PUT A COUPLE OF MORE BUMPS ON HIS SHINY NUT!

OBEY THE LAW

LET'S GET OUT OF THIS CRUMMIE MUCK-HOLE! ON YOUR FEET, DURL! I GOT A GOOD MIND TO SLUG YOU ONE! WHAT DID YA GET SO LIT FOR?

YOU CRUMBS CAN STICK AROUND HERE IF YA WANNA—WE'RE TAKIN' OUR PATRONAGE TO A MORE RESPECTABLE ESTABLISHMENT!

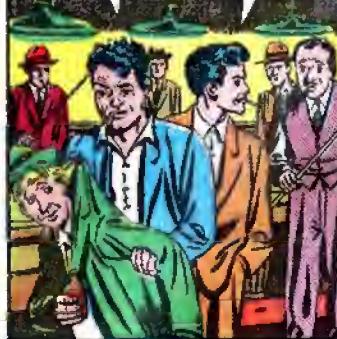
WHO WERE THOSE GUYS? POOR BENNY'S HALF-DEAD!

BENNY'S LUCKY—THE WAY EMIL THE TERRIBLE LEAVES MESSES AROUND THE SOUTH-SIDE, HE'S LUCKY HE DIDN'T GET A SHIV IN HIS RIBS!

THANKSH FER SHTICKIN' UP FER ME, EMIL! HE WAS GONNA POKE ME, IF YA HADN'T SLUGGED 'IM!

NOBODY POKES MY PALS—WE'RE THE THREE MUSKETEERS—ALL FOR ONE AN' ONE FOR ALL! WHERE'S THE

OTHER BOTTLE FELL AN' YOU HAD? IT BUSTED IN HIS POCKET! I'D LIKE ANOTHER SLUG, TOO! BUT WHAT'LL WE USE FOR DOUGH?



YOU BUMS TALK OF DOUGH LIKE IT'S SOMETHING HARD TO GET! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS ASK! YOU GUYS AIN'T GOT NO IDEA HOW GENEROUS PEOPLE REALLY ARE—NOW TAKE THAT GUY OVER THERE, FOR INSTANCE!

I KNOW JUST WHAT YA MEAN, EMIL!

PARDON ME—DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE A MATCH ON YOU, MISTER?

SORRY—I DON'T SMOKE!

THREE BUCKS AIN'T ENOUGH FOR A QUART, EVEN! LET'S TAKE A STREET CAR ACROSS TOWN, AN' TRY AGAIN!

WHATE' WASTE THE NICKELS—LET'S JUST WALK AROUND THE BLOCK!



OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE—
SOME GUYS WEIGH THEM-
SELVES DOWN WITH
SATCHELS FULL OF
INSTRUMENTS! I DON'T GO
FOR THAT—THIS GIMMICK
GIVES ME THE KEYS TO
ANY CAR IN CHICAGO!
THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' THIS
CAN'T FIGURE OUT!

YOU SAID
IT, EMIL—YOU
SAID IT! WHAT
I LIKE ABOUT
YOU IS THAT
YOU DON'T
THINK YOU
KNOW EVERY-
THING!

SEE THAT DOC GOING IN THERE? WELL
HE'S GOT TO COME OUT AN' WHEN
HE DOES, WE'LL BE WAITIN' FOR
HIM! DURL, YOU STAY IN THE
BACKGROUND, YOU REEK OF
BOOZE—HE'LL SMELL YOU
A MILE AWAY!

HERE HE COMES—
ASK HIM FOR A
MATCH OR SOME-
THIN'—BUT GET IM
TO TURN HIS
BACK ON THIS
TREE!

CAN YOU
SPARE
A MATCH,
MISTER?

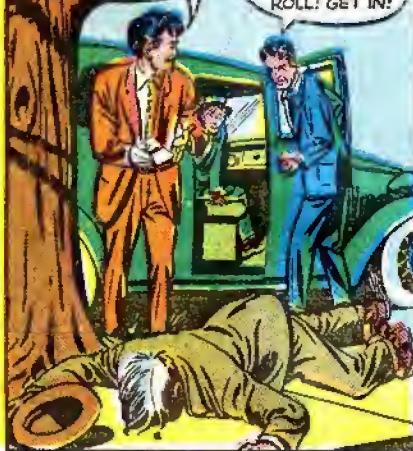
I THIN'
SO!

GLUG
GLUG



MY, MY—THESE CROAKERS
MUST MAKE A NICE
LIVIN'—FORTY BUCKS.
EMIL! PRETTY GOOD,
EH?

WHAT'S GOOD
ABOUT IT? WE'LL
NEED A DOZEN
JOBS LIKE THIS
FOR A DECENT
ROLL! GET IN!



THUS BEGAN THAT MEMORABLE NIGHT
IN NOVEMBER, 1934—LIKE MOUNTAIN
LIONS, WHOSE CRAZED LUST FOR
BLOOD IS INFLAMED BY EVERY
THROAT THEY TEAR—THE BRUTES
STOPPED EVERY HALF MILE
OR SO, BUT NOT TO REST!

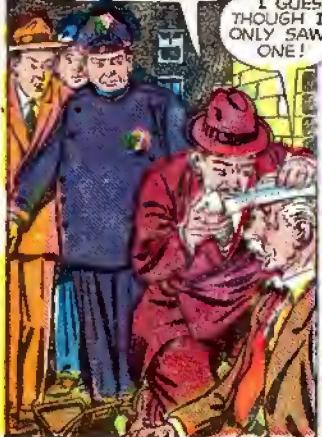


SORRY,
I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
A WORD
YOU'RE SAYIN'?
I'M A LITTLE
HARD OF
HEARIN'!



IT'S THE SAME MOB WHO MUGGED
THAT MAN BACK ON 8TH
STREET! HOW MANY
WERE THERE, DOCTOR?

TWO...
I GUESS—
THOUGH I
ONLY SAW
ONE!



ATTENTION, ALL CARS
IN THE WEST-NORTH
AVENUE DISTRICT!
WATCH FOR A GREEN
SEDAN—TWO MORE
STICK-UPS WERE
REPORTED! COVER
ALL SURROUNDING
AVENUES!

SOMEBODY'S
STRETCHIN' HIS LUCK!



LOOK, BEN—
THOSE THREE
FELLOWS ON
THE SIDE-
WALK!



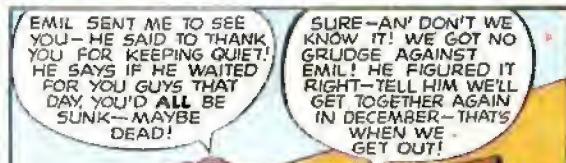
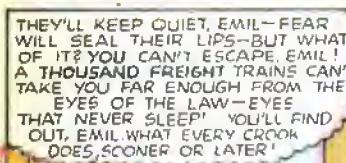
YEAH, I SEE 'EM—AND
IT'S A GREEN SEDAN
TOO!

HERE, CHECK
MY GUN, TOO,
WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT!

SURE,
HAND IT
OVER!

CITY OF CHICAGO
POLICE DEPARTMENT

OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

DECEMBER, HE SAID, AN' THEN THE SAP TELLS ME THAT NEXT TO THE LOUSY CHOW, THEY TALK OF 'NOTHIN' BUT YOU, EMIL! YA CAN'T BLAME 'EM—THEY'RE AINT' MANY EMIL RECKS FLOATIN' AROUND!

SURE, THEM CHUMPS KNOW THEY'D BE LOST WITHOUT ME! YEAH, I'LL WAIT FOR THEM TO COME OUT! I CAN USE MORE HELP FOR THE KIND OF JOBS I'M AFTER!

AN' IN THE MEANWHILE BEIN' BOUNCER AT THE GRASS HOOP HAS ITS ANGLES!

EMIL, YOU SKUNK! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER! I'M ALL THE ANGLES YOU NEED—AND CURVES, TOO!

YOU'D DROWN AWFUL EASY IF I HELD YOUR HEAD UNDER WATER! IF YA WANNA GO SIX FOOT UNDER, JUST KEEP TELLIN' ME WHAT TO DO!

EMIL!! GASP! D.. DON'T!! I WAS ONLY KIDDIN' EMIL, HONEST!



ON DECEMBER 11TH, 1935, THE WAY THEY CELEBRATED, YOU'D A LOOK AT THINK DURL NASH AND BOB WHAT I BEEN GOETH WERE HOME-COMING WAR HEROES!

KEEP POURIN' OH, GIMME MORE-BUCKETS MORE, BABY! I'LL SAY WHEN!

WOW—WHERE'D YOU GET 'EM? HOLY SMOKE—LIKE A SQUIRREL DOES NUTS, JUST FOR THIS DAY!

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, BUT LOOK AT HIM—DURL AND ME ARE FLAT BROKE—AN' YOU'RE NOT TOO WELL FIXED FOR CASH—HOW ABOUT IT?

HEY, DO YOU GUYS REALIZE, THIS IS BIG-TIME; THIS IS FOR KEEPS—NO MORE HIT-AND-RUN! THE NEXT STRECH WE GET MAY BE THE HOT SEAT, IF WE AIN'T CAREFUL!



MOTHER OF MERC... A(☆)

THAT'S WHAT I SAY!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

WISE UP, RUM-POT! DOCTORS DON'T CARRY MONEY IN THEIR SATCHELS—IT'S IN THEIR POCKETS!

TELL HIM TO CUT IT OUT, WILL YA, EMIL? HE'S ALWAYS INSULTIN' ME!

SHUT UP—LISTEN—WE'LL STEAL A CAR, THEN WE'LL LOOK AT THE SOCIETY PAGES FOR THE NAME OF A RICH CROAKER!

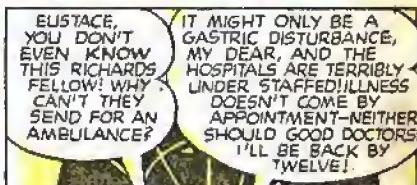
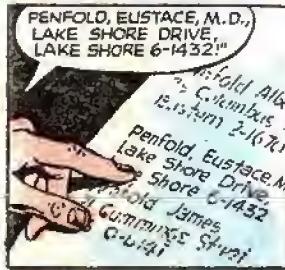
HERE'S SOMETHIN' ABOUT A DOCTOR!

IT SAYS, "CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JANUARY 2ND, 1936, DR. AND MRS. EUSTACE PENFOLD ANNOUNCE THE BETROTHAL OF THEIR DAUGHTER, AUGUSTA, TO YOUNG STEEL SCION, ROBERT DAW!"

BETROTHAL? WHAT DOES BETROTHAL MEAN?

SHE'S GETTIN' HITCHED, YOU DISPO! GAD, IS THIS MUG IGNORANT!

DR. EUSTACE PENFOLD, EH? WAIT HERE—I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I GOT AN IDEA!



OBEY THE LAW

NOW I GET IT—YOU
LURED ME OUT HERE
TO ROB ME! WELL,
YOU'VE MADE A
MISTAKE! I DOUBT
IF I HAVE EVEN
TEN DOLLARS IN
MY WALLET!

WE'LL SEE
FOR
OURSELVES
GET IN!



HE WASN'T
KIDDIN'-TEN
BUCKS,
THAT'S ALL
HE'S GOT!

**HE'S GOT
NOTHIN' IN
THE SATCHEL
EITHER,
EXCEPT A
LOT OF
SCREWY
LOOKIN'
KNIVES!**

DIDN'T I
TELL YOU? YOU WEREN'T
SO SMART
AFTER
ALL, WERE
YOU?



**YOU GXXXX!!!
GIMME THEM
KNIVES! THIS
DOCTOR THINKS
HE'S A WISE GUY!
THINKS HE'S GOT
THE LAUGH ON US
DOES HE? LET'S
HEAR HIM LAUGH,
WHEN WE OPERATE
ON HIM-WITHOUT
ETHER!**

THAT'S A
SWELL IDEA!
I'LL STUFF A
BANDAGE IN
HIS MOUTH
TO KEEP 'IM
QUIET!



YEAH, DOCTOR, IT AIN'T ONLY
YOUR APPENDIX WE'RE GONNA
TAKE OUT—HOLD 'IM, BOB—
AN' DURL, SPIT THAT STUFF
OUT—it's RUBBIN'
ALCOHOL—it'll
KILL YA!



WELL, PUT
ANOTHER ONE
IN! I GOT
MORE WORK
TO DO!

HE PUSHED
THE GAG OUT
WITH HIS
TONGUE,
EMIL!

WHEW!
WHAT A
SIGHT—IT
TURNS MY
STOMACH!

G'WAN, IT'S
THAT RUBBIN'
ALCOHOL YOU
DRANK!

**STOP IT, DURL,
YOU'RE BREAKIN'
MY HEART! LET'S
SKIDOO OUT OF
HERE, BEFORE HIS
WIFE STARTS
MISSIN' THE
STIFF!**



YOU SAY HE WENT
TO 6438 NORTH
WHIPPLE STREET
FOUR HOURS AGO,
AND HASN'T
RETURNED? SURE,
MRS. PENFOLD,
WE'LL CHECK
IT FOR YOU!

PLEASE,
OFFICER,
AS SOON
AS YOU
CAN! THE
PATIENT'S
NAME WAS
RICHARDS!



WHOEVER DID THIS
WAS A BLOOD-THIRSTY
MANIAC! IN A WAY IT
REMINDS ME OF THAT
TAILOR'S MURDER
THREE WEEKS
AGO!

THESE KILLERS AREN'T PROFESSIONAL CROOKS. THEY'RE WILD-EYED AMATEURS WITH NO BRAINS—NO FEAR OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF MURDER! THEY'RE A BAND OF HUMAN SCORPIONS!



DO CREATURES LIKE
THESE DESERVE THE
NAME OF HUMAN
BEINGS AFTER THIS?
DO THEY DESERVE TO
WALK THE FACE OF
THE EARTH AS FREE
MEN? YOU KNOW
THE ANSWER, BUT
THAT GROTESQUE
THREESOME
DIDN'T!



OBEY THE LAW

JUST BECAUSE WE MUFFED ONE JOB DON'T MEAN THE DOCTOR RACKET AIN'T A GOOD ONE! CHANCES ARE, THE NEXT CROAKER WILL BE JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

I'M GAME—
HERE'S A
RED BOOK—
ONE GOOD TURN
DESERVES ANOTHER!

...LOOK—
UNDER "D"
HIC ("D" FOR
DOUGH—JUST
A HUNCH!

FROM JANUARY 4TH TO JANUARY 10TH, EMIL THE TERRIBLE WAGED WAR WITH THE MEDICAL PROFESSION! ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 4TH, DR. JOSEPH MOLDER WAS FOUND LYING IN A LOT WITH A FRACTURED SKULL!

HE'S LUCKIER THAN PENFOLD! HE'LL LIVE!

...AND ON JANUARY 5TH, THESE PILL-PUSHERS ARE SAINTS! THEY'LL GET UP ANY TIME OF THE NIGHT TO FIX SOMEBODY'S BELLYACHE!

BUT WHO'LL FIX HIS?

ON JANUARY 6TH, 8TH, AND 9TH, THREE MORE DOCTORS SUFFERED IDENTICAL FATES! THE PATTERN BECAME CLEAR!

WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN O'LEARY OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT!

GOOD EVENING!
I MUST WARN EVERY DOCTOR IN CHICAGO THAT HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER, IF HE VENTURES OUT ON CALLS TO UNKNOWN PATIENTS AFTER A REASONABLE HOUR! IF YOU MUST, CALL YOUR NEAREST POLICE STATION FOR AN ESCORT!

FOR UNKNOWN REASONS, A GROUP OF MANIACS ARE OUT TO REVENGE THEMSELVES ON CHICAGO'S PHYSICIANS!

THE BULLS THINK IT'S ONLY CROAKERS WE HATE!

HE'S NUTS—WE HATE EVERYBODY!

DOCTORS OF CHICAGO, DO NOT MAKE LATE CALLS UNTIL THESE KILLERS ARE APPREHENDED!

DO NOT...

WE'LL SHOW 'EM! WE AIN'T PARTICULAR—FROM NOW ON, EVERYBODY GETS THE SUNSHINE BLOWN INTO 'EM! ON YOUR FEET, DURL—WE'RE GONNA HAVE FUN!



I GOTTA LAUGH AT THEM BULLS-CHASIN' THEIR TAILS AROUND FOR DOCTOR KILLERS!

HOW ABOUT 'EM; SPECIALIZIN' IN LIQUOR STORES FOR A WHILE!

HOW MUCH?

LEAVE IT TO YOU TO THINK OF THAT—AS IF YOU WEREN'T COCK-EYED ENOUGH ALREADY!

WHAT'S A MATTER WITH LIQUOR STORES? BESIDES, I'M GETTING KINDA LOW!

NO MORE SPECIALIZIN'? THAT'S WHAT GOT 'EM COPPERS WARM ON OUR TAILS—RIGHT, EMIL?

THE FOOLS—THE CONTEMPTIBLE, MAD FOOLS!

RIGHT! YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY YOUR BOOZE LEGAL, DURL—AFTER WE CASH IN ON THAT GROCERY ACROSS THE STREET!

OBEY THE LAW

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE ROBBED AND KILLED ENOUGH! IF YOU COULD HEAR ME, I'D TELL YOU WHEN AND HOW YOU'LL GET YOURS! IT MIGHT SAVE THE LIVES YOU ARE STILL TO TAKE!

NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT—THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY INSIDE! WE'LL GIVE HIM SWIMMIN' LESSONS IN HIS PICKLE BARREL!

IT'S NOT ONLY ONE MAN YOU'RE HARMING, EMIL—IT'S ALL MEN—it's 140,000,000 PEOPLE, WHOSE OFFICERS WILL RUN YOU DOWN IN THE END! YOU'RE THREE RATS FIGHTING AN ARMY OF MEN! YOU'VE GOT TO LOSE—CAN'T YOU SEE?

REACH, MISTER—OKAY, SO YOU DON'T REACH!

YOU'D THINK IT WAS THEIR LIFE SAVINGS, THE WAY THESE SAPS TRY TO SAVE A LOUSY TWENTY BUCKS!

UGH!!

ON JANUARY 12TH THEY BROKE INTO 84-YEAR-OLD JAN HUBAY'S HOUSE AT THREE IN THE MORNING!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, LET HIM GO EMIL! HE WAS DEAD LONG AGO! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? WE GOT LOTS'A TIME—I JUST LIKE TO DO A JOB RIGHT!

WHOEVER TOLD YOU HUBAY HAD GOLD HIDDEN HERE WAS FULL OF BULL—ABOUT TWO BUCKS IN CHANGE IS ALL THAT'S IN HERE!

WH..WHAT? WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THE LYIN' BUM! IT WAS THAT RUBBER-LIP BARTENDER AT DONELY'S!

ON JANUARY 13TH, THEY WAITED FOR JOSEPH RUBIO, A LAUNDRYMAN, TO MAKE A DELIVERY!

GRAB HIS DOUGH QUICK, BEFORE THE JOINT STARTS JUMPIN'!

WE SURE TAKE A LOTTA RISKS FOR A LOUSY TEN BUCKS! DOESN'T NOBODY HAVE DOUGH IN THIS BURG?

IT WAS DIFFERENT WHEN WE WERE HEISTIN' THEM DOCTORS! WHY DON'T WE GO BACK TO CROAKERS EMIL?

WHY NOT? WE'RE BOUND TO FIND A CROAKER DUMB ENOUGH TO GO OUT ON AN 'ERRAND OF MERCY'...

CRANDELL HUBERT, M. D. TALKING! OH, OH, NOTHING DOING. CALL A HOSPITAL!

YES, THIS IS DR. NICKELSON! SORRY, I SEE PATIENTS ONLY BY APPOINTMENT, UNLESS I KNOW THEM!

SORRY—I NEVER HEARD OF YOU—CERTAINLY NOT AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT! DO YOU THINK I'M CRAZY? DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO DOCTORS IN CHICAGO?

OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



THE END

A Message from—



A copy of the following letter was mailed to every writer, artist and contributor to our magazines. We thought that reproducing it here would help to better acquaint you with the care and attention that all material published in our magazines is given.

To all artists, writers and editorial affiliates, these restrictions must be adhered to. The following series of "don'ts" was conceived with the intention of establishing a much needed form of self-imposed censorship. That this is an essential step to further elevate the importance of comic magazines, is unanimously agreed to. Although we have followed most of these directives for many years, this is a more solidified and sterner reiteration.

1. In the illustration of women and girls, regardless of character, no scarcity of clothing will be accepted and no attempt to emphasize sex appeal will be permitted for publication.
2. Stories dealing with sadism or torture of any form or sex-motivated crimes will not be accepted.
3. No strips shall contain either in dialogue or illustration names of known concerns or people, such as names on buildings and backgrounds, or attempts at personal humor in lead story characters in CRIME DOES NOT PAY and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT of any known person.
4. Law officers, F.B.I. agents, judges and lawyers must be pictured both in appearance and dialogue in a favorable light.
5. Criminals will not be made attractive either in physical appearance or character.
6. All criminal acts or moral violations by characters in stories must be accounted for by legal punishment and the punishment must fit the crime.
7. No relatives of criminals will be referred to in a story unless vital to its structure and, in that case, only in a favorable light. This is in reference to CRIME DOES NOT PAY and CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.
8. Criminals must not be shown to enjoy a criminal act. This means no laughter or glee during the commission of a crime.
9. Gun molls and female criminals must not be made too attractive. They should, instead, be made typical and as relatively varied in bone structure as the male characters.
10. In the illustration of wounds, they must not be shown open. Blood must not be shown flowing from the face or mouth of a man and no blood to be shown flowing from women.
11. No reference shall be made to characters in regard to race, color or religion.
12. Any political propaganda is definitely out—in other words—no between-the-lines political soap-boxing.

These rules must be adhered to. I cannot stress these points hard enough. Should any of these points need further clarification, I will be glad to discuss them with you.

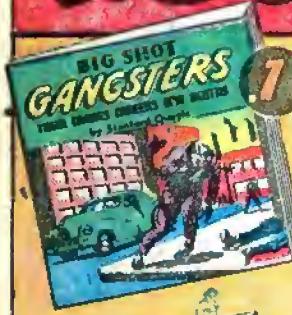
C. B.

Permission is hereby granted to other comic publishers and editors who may wish to make similar use of this list.

THESE 5 BOOKS...THE MOST EXCITING YOU EVER READ!

BIG-SHOT GANGSTERS

THEIR CRIMES, CAREERS
AND DEATHS!

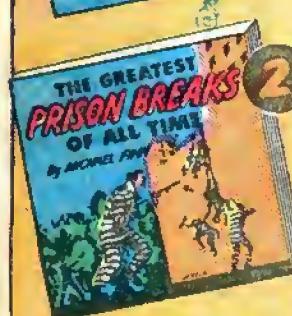


1 BIG SHOT GANGSTERS

by Stanford O'Dwyer

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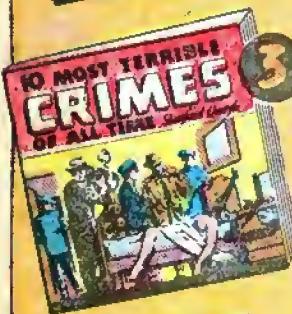


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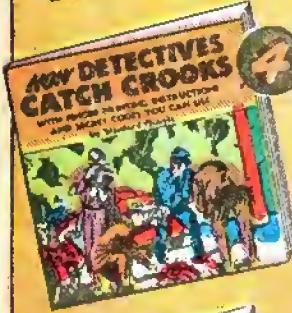


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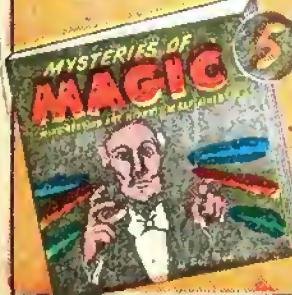


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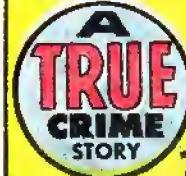
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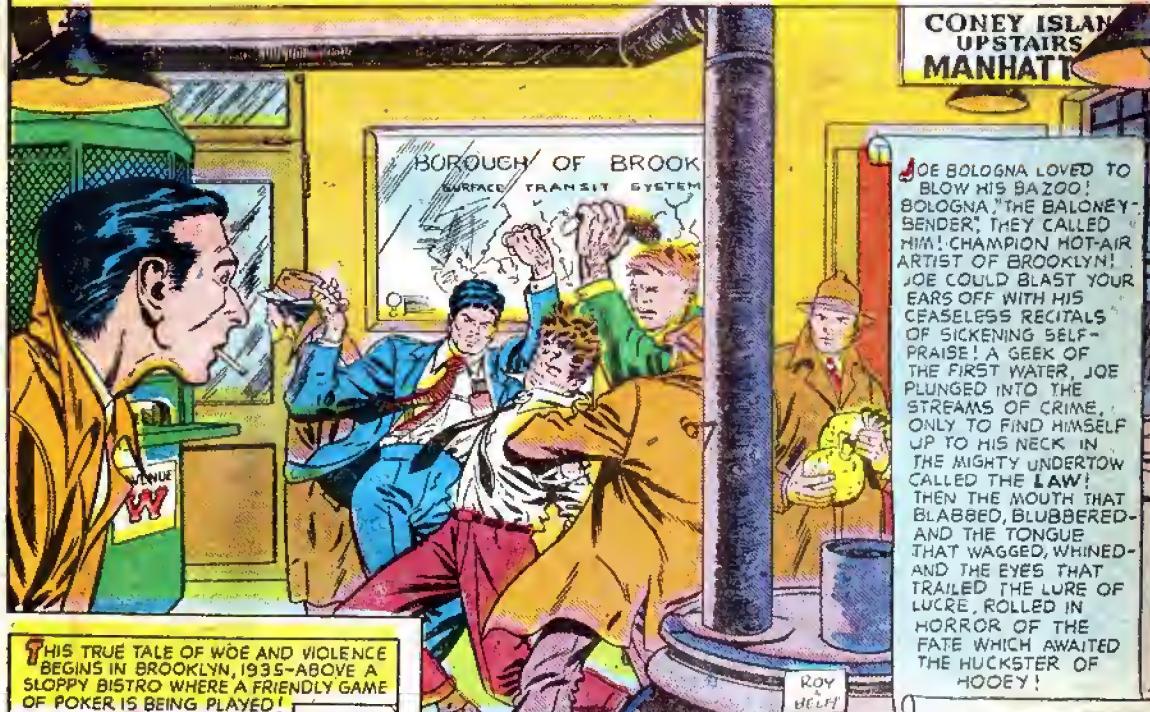
DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



JOE BOLOGNA

THEY CALLED HIM "BALONEY BENDER!"

AS ROTTEN AN EGG AS EVER PICKED ON A SMALLER GUY—A CONCEITED, PRAISE-HUNGRY KNOW-IT-ALL, WHO WAS TOUGH ONLY WHEN HIS BRASS-KNUCKLED PALS WERE AROUND HIM!



THIS TRUE TALE OF WOE AND VIOLENCE BEGINS IN BROOKLYN, 1935—ABOVE A SLOPPY BISTRO WHERE A FRIENDLY GAME OF POKER IS BEING PLAYED!

WHAT KIND OF A HAND DO YA CALL THIS? YA DIDN'T GIVE ME NOTHIN' ABOVE A SIX!

AFTER I SEEN WHAT YA DONE WITH THAT PAT HAND, BUMBLE DOG, A BLANK IS MORE THAN YA DESERVE—I PASS 'WHO'S OPENIN'?

AW, LET'S KNOCK OFF! WE CAN'T CONCENTRATE ON THE GAME AND JOE'S LATE! HE SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE AN HOUR AGO!

NOBODY'S QUITTIN'—NOT WHILE I'M LOSIN'! ANYWAY, WHO IN HELL ASKED YOU TO PLAY IN THE FIRST PLACE! EVERY TIME YOU GET A BUCK AHEAD, YA WANNA GO HOME AND SEW IT INTO YOUR MATTRESS!

SHUT UP AND DEAL—I WANT ONE CARD!

THERE WAS TOO MUCH TALKIN' IN THIS HAND! TONGUE WAGGIN' AN' POKER DON'T MIX WITH ME! MIS-DEAL!

MIS-DEAL, MY EYE! PICK UP THEM CARDS, YA LOUSY SOREHEAD, OR I'LL PULVERIZE YA!

SAY IT! HERE'S JOE AN' PETE! THEY'RE SMILIN'—SO I GUESS EVERYTHING MUSTA WENT OKAY!

CUT OUT THIS KID STUFF! WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS TO TALK OVER!



OBEY THE LAW

ALLOW ME THE GREAT PLEASURE OF INTRODUCIN' THE TOAST OF AVENUE T, THE HOTTEST CONVINCER IN PODGERLAND, PRESIDENT OF THE KNIGHTS OF KINDNESS!

QUIT KIDDIN' AROUND, AN' GET DOWN TO FACTS!

PIPE DOWN AN' ILL MAKE LIKE A FISCAL REPORT! CHARTER MEMBERS OF KINDNESS, INK YER DUES-PAYIN' PALS AS ALL PAID UP, AS OF NOW! IT WAS A CLEAN SWEEP-ALL EXCEPT FOR ONE!

"WE HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE CONVINCING OLD MAN TIMMONS! HE SAID HE BELONGED TO THE KNIGHTS OF PIETY! SO PETE AN' ME, WE SHOWED TIMMONS THE BENEFITS OF BELONGIN' TO THE KNIGHTS OF KINDNESS!"

I THOUGHT THESE WOULD MAKE YOU COME AROUND! I'M GONNA GIVE YA JUST ONE MORE FOR GOOD MEASURE!

NOW HIS OTHER GLUMMER, PETE! ONLY SORT OF TWIST THE KNUCKLES THIS TIME!

NO-NO! ENOUGH! I'LL JOIN!



"THEN WE VISITED THE SCAPA BROTHERS AN' COLLECTED A HUNDRED BUCKS IN INITIATION FEES!"

BUT OF COURSE THAT'S SOMETHING THAT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO YA, IF YA BELONG TO OUR BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATION!



"THAT HASH-SLINGER WHO RUNS THE COFFEE POT ON AVENUE U— HE COULDN'T SEE OUR KNIGHTS OF KINDNESS, FOR LOVE OR MONEY."

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GROZA—DON'T YA LIKE MUSTARD? MAKE BELIEVE YER EATIN' YER LOUSY HOT DOGS! THE ONES YA STUFF WITH HORSE MEAT!



TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, WE COLLECTED A HALF A "G"; ONLY ONE GUY SPOILED A PERFECT RECORD—SCARUSOAN' NOTHIN' WE COULD SAY CONVINCED HIM! HE HAD A GUN!

WE FIGURED ONE NIGHT WE COULD GO AROUND AN' TAKE HIS ROD AWAY FROM HIM! HE SURE NEEDS THE PROTECTION OF OUR KNIGHTS OF KINDNESS!



SCARUSO WILL GET HIS TOMORROW—JUST AFTER HE OPENS UP! MEANWHILE, WE CAN SQUARE UP! I'LL DECIDE ALL THE SPLITS! AS PRESIDENT, I TAKE \$200; AS VICE-PRESIDENT, PETE GETS \$100, FOUR CHARTER MEMBERS GET \$50 EACH! IF YA GOT ANY GRIPES, LET'S HEAR THEM NOW! I DON'T WANT NO BEEFIN' BEHIND MY BACK!

YOU'LL NEVER HEAR ME SQUAWK ABOUT GETTIN' MONEY FOR NOTHIN'! YOU'RE THE BOSS IN THIS OUTFIT—WHAT YOU SAY, GOES!



NOW YER THINKIN' WITH YER NOODLES! IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, YOU GUYS WOULD BE PLUCKIN' CHICKENS, OR DIGGIN' DITCHES!

RIGHT! AN' NOW THAT WE GOT A POT OF MONEY, HOW ABOUT SOME DAMES?

SURE, LET'S GIVE THE JANES AT CONEY A BREAK!



TELL 'EM, JOE! TELL 'EM HOW SOME DAY WELL HAVE BOILERS A BLOCK LONG-A CHAUFFEUR, AN' A SPEAKIN' TUBE!

HEY, JOE! YA PASSED A RED LIGHT!

RED'S FOR THE SUCKERS! I SEE NOTHIN' BUT GREEN AHEAD...GREEN LIGHTS AND GREEN LETTUCE!



OBEY THE LAW



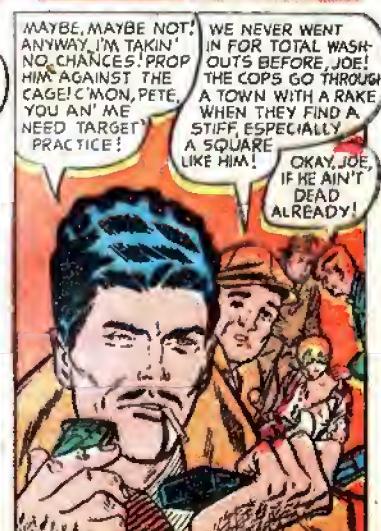
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OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



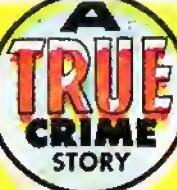
OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



LESLEY KETCHELL

WITH A GUN IN HIS HAND
AND A QUART DOWN HIS
GOLLET, HE THOUGHT HE
WAS ALL THE THINGS HE
WASN'T!

TAKE ANOTHER
HOOKER, LES, AND
YOU'LL BE LOOKIN'
LIKE ALL THESE
GUYS!



EVERYTHING'S BEEN NICE AN' ORDERLY
IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, INSPECTOR -
NOTHIN' NEW EXCEPT KELLY'S SALOON
OVER THERE! WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT
FELLOW STAGGERING OUT, AND HIM
STILL WITH HIS LUNCH PAIL -
SQUANDERING HIS HARD EARNED
MONEY! WHEN WILL THEY EVER
GET WISE TO THEMSELVES,
INSPECTOR?

NEVER, I
GUESS! NOT
THE SELFISH
ONES, ANY-
WAY! WHAT
DO THEY
CARE IF THEIR
WINES AN' KIDS
STARVE! THAT
LITTLE GUY REMINDS
ME OF LESLEY KETCHELL!
DO YOU REMEMBER
HIM, MAC?

NO, WHO
WAS
LESLEY
KETCHELL?

OH, NOBODY IN ONE WAY, BUT IN
ANOTHER - A LOT OF PEOPLE!
THE UNIVERSE IS FULL OF
LESLEY KETCHELL'S CRAVING
ADVENTURE, EXCITEMENT, BIG
DOUGH...AND FINDING IT IN A
BOTTLE...IN THE MAGIC LIQUID
THAT INJECTS FIRE INTO
'TIMID VEINS-PUTS BIG'
'SCHEMES INTO PEANUT'
'BRAINS AND GIVES THE
STRENGTH OF HERCULES -
SO THEY THINK!'

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH FOR
THEM, SO THEY TRY TO ESCAPE
FROM LIFE BY DRINKING ROT GUT,
NEVER REALIZING THAT THEY'RE
MAKING THEIR LIFE A HUNDRED
TIMES TOUGHER! SO IT WAS WITH
LESLEY KETCHELL, WHO LIVED IN
OUR FAIR CITY OF GARY, INDIANA,
TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO,
IN 1920...



OBEDY THE LAW

"LESLEY THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS TRYING TO MAKE A SUCKER OUT OF HIM. BECAUSE HE HAD TO WORK HARD FOR A LIVING! HE WANTED TO DOUBLE CROSS IT BY MAKING EASY MONEY!"

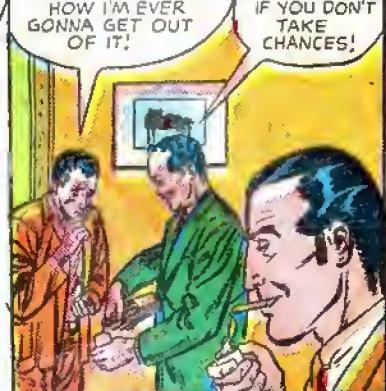
MAYBE MY LUCK WILL CHANGE TONIGHT! MAYBE I'LL ROLL UP A FORTUNE! IT'S POSSIBLE. I HEAR OF OTHER GUYS DOIN' IT. SO WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT BEIN' ME!

1...I GUESS THAT CLEANS ME AGAIN, MURTAUGH... I OWE YOU TWO WEEKS' PAY ALREADY... I BETTER QUIT...

THIS IS NO TIME TO QUIT, LES. JUST WHEN YOUR LUCK IS DUE TO CHANGE! BESIDES, I DON'T FEEL RIGHT, WINNIN' ALL THAT DOUGH FROM YA! TELL YA WHAT—LET'S HAVE ONE MORE ROLL, DOUBLE OR NOTHIN'—YOU ROLL THEM!

GOSH...THAT'S WHITE OF YOU, MURTAUGH... GIVIN' ME A CHANCE TO WIN BACK...STILL... I DON'T KNOW...WHAT IF I LOSE? I'LL OWE YOU A MONTH'S PAY! I'M IN SUCH A HOLE NOW, I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M EVER GONNA GET OUT OF IT!

HERE—TAKE ANOTHER DRINK, LES! IT'LL PUT STARCH IN YOUR SPINE! REMEMBER, YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE IF YOU DON'T TAKE CHANCES!



OBEDIENCE THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

THIS WON'T DO, LES! IT WON'T DO AT ALL! LOSIN' YOUR JOB IS AS GOOD AS WELCHING! YOU'VE GOT ONE WAY TO SAVE YOUR NECK, THOUGH... AND YOU DO WANT TO SAVE IT, DON'T-YOU? YOU WON'T LOOK VERY PRETTY FLOATIN' AROUND WITHOUT A HEAD IN LAKE MICHIGAN!

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT, MURTAUGH! ANYTHING, ONLY DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE... LIKE... LIKE...

MURDERING YOU, LES? IT SCARES YOU, DOESN'T IT? THE THOUGHT OF DYING? WELL, LES - YOU BE HERE TONIGHT AT 10... AND MAYBE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SQUARE UP! MAYBE YOU'LL EVEN COME OUT OF THIS WITH SOMETHING TO SPARE!

I'LL BE HERE, MURT! I'LL BE HERE...
[GASP]

TEN PM, -THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 11TH, 1920 - THE MOST IMPORTANT NIGHT IN LESLEY KETCHELL'S LIFE!

GET IN, CHUMP!

W- WHERE WE GOIN', MURT? YOU PROMISED NOT TO KILL ME!

DON'T BE STUPID! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! A DRUG-STORE... WITH A SAFE IN THE BACK!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO SAVE YOUR NECK, LES! DO A GOOD JOB OF LOOKOUT WHILE WE'RE WORKING ON THE SAFE, AN' YOU'LL MAKE HAY!

HERE, TAKE THISIDO YOU KNOW WHICH END IS WHICH?

A ROD? SURE I DO! NOTHING I DON'T KNOW ABOUT GUNS! I USED TO GO HUNTING EVERY WEEKEND! I'M A GOOD SHOT WHEN MY HANDS ARE STEADY! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE A SHOT, JUST TO STEADY MY HANDS, WOULD YA?

GLUE YOURSELF TO THAT SPOT AN' KEEP QUIET - AN' LAY OFF THAT STUFF, MURT! BEFORE YA GET TOO DRUNK TO SEE IF ANYONE'S COMIN' OF THIS! WHY - THAT'S WHAT I EARNED IN EIGHT MONTHS, ALMOST... ALL IN ONE NIGHT, TOO... ALL BECAUSE I'VE GOT A ROD IN MY HAND!

ALONG WITH SQUARIN' MYSELF OFF, MURT SAID I MIGHT NET A THOUSAND OUT OF THIS!

TOM DUFFY AND O'REILLY SAY - NO WONDER YOU ASKED ME IF I REMEMBERED KETCHELL! THEY USED TO POUND THIS BEAT! SURE, I REMEMBER KETCHELL NOW - THE YELLOW-BELIED, DRUNKEN RAT!

I SAW SHADOWS, TOO, GEORGE! THERE'S SOME BODY IN THERE, ALRIGHT! BREAK IN THE DOOR!

C-COPS... I BETTER WARN MURTAUGH AN' SAM!

"BUT MURT AND SAM DIDN'T NEED A WARNING! EXPERIENCE HAD TOLD THEM WHAT THE SHATTERING OF GLASS MEANT!"

WHAT ABOUT LES?
LET THE LUSH LOOK OUT FOR HIMSELF! MAYBE THE SUCKER'S PLASTERED ENOUGH TO FIGHT IT OUT - THE FOOL!

NO! I WON'T DISTURB THEM! I'LL LET THEM GO RIGHT ON WITH THEIR WORK! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE COPS MYSELF! THEN MURT WILL SEE I'M THE KIND OF A GUY HE NEEDS AROUND PERMANENTLY!

CAREFUL, TOM! I CAN HEAR SOMEONE BREATHIN' RIGHT INSIDE THE DOOR!



OBEDY THE LAW

I GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! THOSE POOR, DUMB COPS CAN'T EVEN SEE ME IN THIS DARK, BUT I CAN SEE THEM CLEAR AS DAY—STEADY, HAND!



DUFFY AND O'REILLY WERE KILLED INSTANTLY... BUT THE SHOTS AND THE SCREAMING BROUGHT OTHER POLICEMEN TO THE SCENE, JUST AS LES RAN OUT...

(Continued from page 1)

LESLEY KETCHELL FOUND THAT OUT, BUT I STILL SAY IT'S NOT THE CAUSE, BUT THE RESULT OF BEING A WEAK SISTER, WITHOUT THE BACK BONE TO STAND UP AND FACE LIFE!

MORE COPS! WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? WHO CARES! I AIN'T SCARED' THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT, NOTHIN' CAN STOP ME—LEAST OF ALL, COPPERS! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I FEEL IMPORTANT!

(Continued from page 1)

I D-DON'T UNDERSTAND... I W-WAS SO S-SURE E-I'D... GASP! GET AWAY...



NOT ONLY DIDN'T LES GET AWAY, BUT HE WENT TO JAIL FOR LIFE! NOW HE SPENDS HIS LIFE STARING AT IRON BARS AND CONCRETE WALLS—ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD! HE WAS DOOMED, ANYWAY! THOSE WHO JUST WANT TO TAKE AND PUT NOTHING BACK INTO LIFE, ARE LOST SOULS! I'M GOING OVER TO SEE IF I CAN GET THAT POOR SLOB ACROSS THE STREET TO GO HOME!

HOW ABOUT IT, FELLOW, DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD HEAD FOR HOME?

HOME? I SHOULD SAY NOTHIN'! SHAY—I GO HOME AN' MY OLE LADY SHICE STARTS NAGGIN' ME ABOUT SPENDING ALL MY PAY! SHICE: WHAT THE HECK, A GUY'S GOTTA HAVE SOME FUN! SHICE: ONCE IN A WHILE, RIGHT, PAL? SHAY: HOW'S ABOUT BUYIN' ME A LITTLE SNORT, JIST THIS BIG-AN' I'LL LET YA TELL ME THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE!

SHICE:



IT WAS NO USE, MAC—I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS! WHEN THEY'RE THAT FAR GONE, IT'S TOO LATE! OH, OH, HE NOT ONLY REMINDED ME OF LESLEY KETCHELL, IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING TO HAVE MUCH THE SAME FATE! THOSE TWO BIMBO'S, "POCK FACE" HARRY AND LEO COMSTOCK, WILL FIND USE FOR HIM!

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, INSPECTOR! LOOK—THEY'RE TALKING HIS FATE OVER, NOW! SAY WHAT YOU WILL, THERE'S A LOT OF TRAGEDY IN DRINK!



GRANTED! LESLEY KETCHELL FOUND THAT OUT, BUT I STILL SAY IT'S NOT THE CAUSE, BUT THE RESULT OF BEING A WEAK SISTER, WITHOUT THE BACK BONE TO STAND UP AND FACE LIFE!

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN THIS STINKING CELL AND THE REST OF MY LIFE TO GO! HUMPH! AND I THOUGHT I WAS LUCKY NOT GETTING THE HOT SEAT!



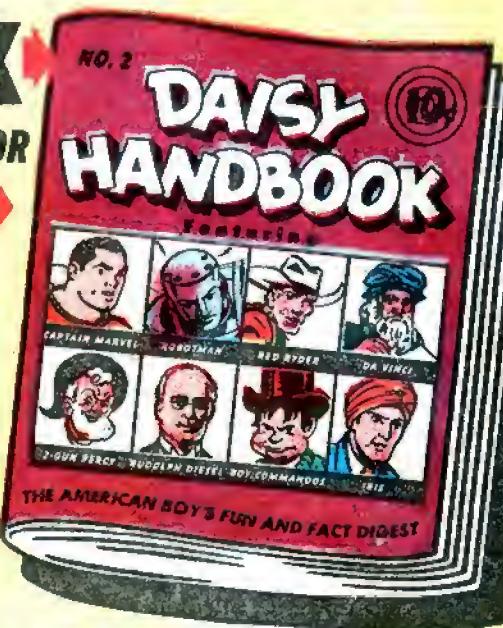
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A TRUE CRIME STORY

THEY MUFFED THEIR MURDER

THE two men walked out of the restaurant in Portland, Oregon, into the raw chill of the early evening of November 20th, 1901. They drew their topcoats about them and braced themselves against the wind and sleet.

Dutch Barnes, tall and loose-jointed, bent to his shorter companion's ear and said, "So you dated the waitress and another dame. Now what do we do for dough?"

Steve Howard laughed harshly. His voice came deep from his chest. "I still got the .44 I picked up in Seattle. We'll pull a stick-up."

"Stick-up?" Barnes repeated, without much enthusiasm. "Who do we know in this burg to stick up?"

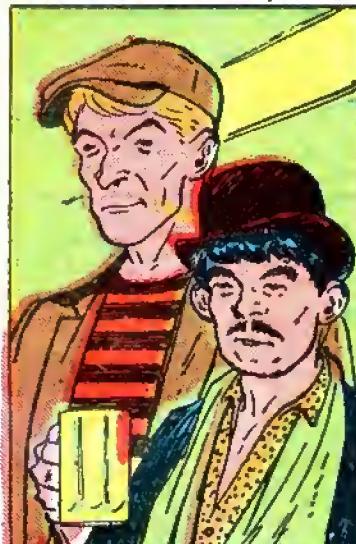
The stocky one replied, "Leave it to me. There's a saloon in town with a card room. I seen a guy named Weeks take three hundred bucks away last night. He's sharp—they say he does it every time he plays."

"Sounds like a pushover," Barnes agreed, "if he plays tonight."

"We gotta take that chance, Dutch," Howard said. "I'll put the finger on him tonight and we can take him over on the way home."

About a quarter to twelve,

the game began to break up. Steve Howard and Dutch Barnes stood casually at the



bar. Howard nudged his companion.

"Time to go," he whispered. "He's got a wad big enough to choke a horse."

"Where do we wait for him?" Barnes asked, when the two were on the street.

"There's a dark spot just outside the center of town. Weeks has to pass it on his way home."

Just about that time, Jerry Kelly, popular young athlete, was putting on his coat at the home of his fiancee, Diane Layton. He was handsome and twenty-one. Diane looked at him with adoration

in her eyes.

"The evening's gone so fast, Jerry!" the girl sighed. "It seems like no time at all, when you only come over twice a week!"

Jerry Kelly grinned. Placing his index finger under the girl's chin, he tipped her head and pressed his lips to hers. "Sweetheart!" he whispered. Then, "Gosh, I wish I could call every night, but you know how training rules are. And the big game comes off Saturday!"

The girl beamed proudly. "The Iron Works is the best shop football team in the whole city league. Everybody goes to see you carry the ball, Jerry. I really don't mind, believe me."

There was a twinkle in the boy's eyes as he added, "Anyway, you have George Field to date when I'm not here."

Just a flicker of resentment shone in Diane's eyes. Then she laughed musically. "George is sweet and he keeps coming around, but you know he doesn't rate next to you, dear."

Kelly, turning slowly away, held his hand on the door-knob a moment. "Parting is such sweet sorrow," he said fondly.

Diane grinned and pressed her fingers to the firm muscles of his arm. "You say the most original things, Jerry," she teased.

"That reminds me," said Jerry, apparently glad of an excuse to stay a moment longer, "that my words are not always pleasant. Tonight, after work, for instance, when I met Joe Martin outside the shop . . ."

Diane's eyes clouded. "Oh, Jerry, is Joe Martin still angry because you were elected team captain?"

Kelly nodded. "Uh-huh. He quit his job, you know, after the gang elected me. Tonight when I bumped into him, he said he'd get even with me if it's the last thing he ever does!"

"Oh, no!" the girl cried out in alarm. "Do you think he'll . . ."

The words were smothered in a kiss. "Don't worry, honey," Kelly whispered. "I guess I can take care of myself."

With that Kelly said *good-night* to Diane, little realizing that he was saying *farewell!*

Jerry Kelly walked briskly down the street. The night

was dark and the biting cold dampness still hung in the air. Jerry Kelly's head was in the clouds, however. He little knew or cared what was under foot. Had he been more keenly aware of his surroundings, he might have noticed the two hulking figures in the shadows ahead.

The taller of the shadows said, "He's comin', Steve,"

"Yeah," whispered the other. "I got the gun, Dutch. You filch him after I get his hands up. We ain't takin' no chances, see? If he tries anything, I'll let him have it!"

"He's big," Dutch said. "Bigger'n I thought! Don't take no chances is right."



Jerry Kelly was now almost up to the shadows where the men hid. Steve Howard step-

ped out before the approaching stranger.

"Get 'em up and fast," Howard hissed.

"Huh?" Jerry Kelly's thoughts tumbled suddenly about him. Then he laughed. "If I got anything that's worth taking, help yourself."

"A wise guy," snarled Howard.

Dutch, coming up, sneered through the darkness. "He's playin' foxy. Give 'im something to shut him up!"

"Yeah," Howard agreed. The gun spoke for him.

A yellow burst of flame, the acrid smell of powder and then a groan, as Kelly sank to the ground. Another burst of flame and more burned powder and Kelly lay still. He did not move again. He was dead.

"Drag him out near the arc lamp," whispered Steve Howard. "We don't want to miss nothin',"

The body lay face upward on the ground and Dutch Barnes tore at the buttons that fastened the victim's coat. Suddenly Dutch's jaw dropped. "Gosh, Steve, this ain't Weeks!" he said hoarsely. "We killed the wrong guy!"



Down the street a horse's hoofs clattered, wagon springs squeaked under the weight of people riding nearer to the scene of the crime.

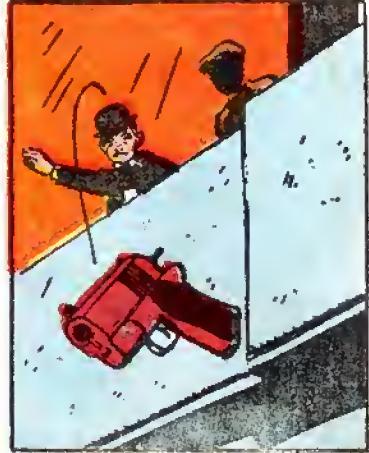
"Let's get out of here!" said Dutch. "Get this guy out of the light!"

Dragging the body to the sidewalk, and dropping it in the darkness beyond the light of the arc lamp, the two made off into the night.

The thugs did not stop until they were well away from the scene. Then, circling the place where the deed had been done, they reached the bridge that crossed the river leading into the city. Here Steve Howard threw the gun over the bridge rail into the water below. As he turned back from the rail to continue on into the city, he saw that the bridge-tender had been watching him.

"What are you doing here?" the tender asked. "What did you throw over the rail?"

"A whiskey bottle," Howard replied. "Only an empty booze bottle!"



Moving on, the tall Dutch Barnes said, "This business gives me the jitters."

"Don't go soft," Steve

Howard answered harshly. "They ain't got a single chance of finding us. We ain't known in this burg, an' the guy we bumped off ain't



gonna finger us."

How wrong they were, those two wise guys! Detectives William Knight and Pat Heist had charge of the investigation. Identification of the victim was established almost at once by papers that were in the pocket of his coat.

It became the detectives' unhappy job to tell the grief-stricken father of the death of his son. From the father he learned of Diane Layton. Diane was heartbroken, but she was also brave. Brave enough to tell all she knew of the rival, George Field, and the avowed enemy, Joe Martin.

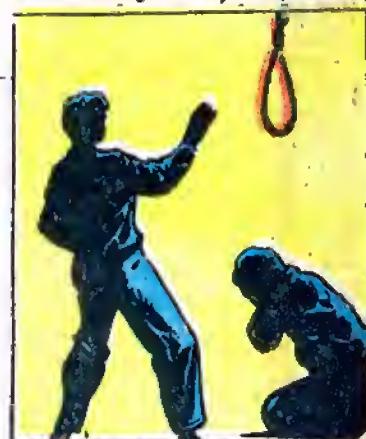
Investigation of the two suspects delayed the case for a few days, while the alibis of the men were checked. It was a complication to find a gun with two bullets exploded in the room of Joe Martin, but the gun was a .38 and the bullets extracted from the body of the un-

fortunate Jerry Kelly were proven to be .44 calibre in size. The suspects were released.

Little by little, in the pains-taking, careful way of the police, people were found who could describe the killers. There was the bridge-tender, who had seen the weapon being thrown into the river; there was the waitress who had been expecting a date with the two; there was the bar where the men had spotted Weeks. And last of all, the landlady was found who had rented the men a room.

'Wise guys' they were, as are all criminals. So wise they couldn't face it when the police took them in, but squealed like cornered rats. Pals they were, too. Such pals, that each placed the guilt of murder on the other.

Well, the guilt of murder was placed on BOTH of them. The jury said they should pay with their lives for their crimes. And they did. On January 31, 1902,



both men were hung by the neck until dead. They learned the HARD way that Crime Does NOT Pay!

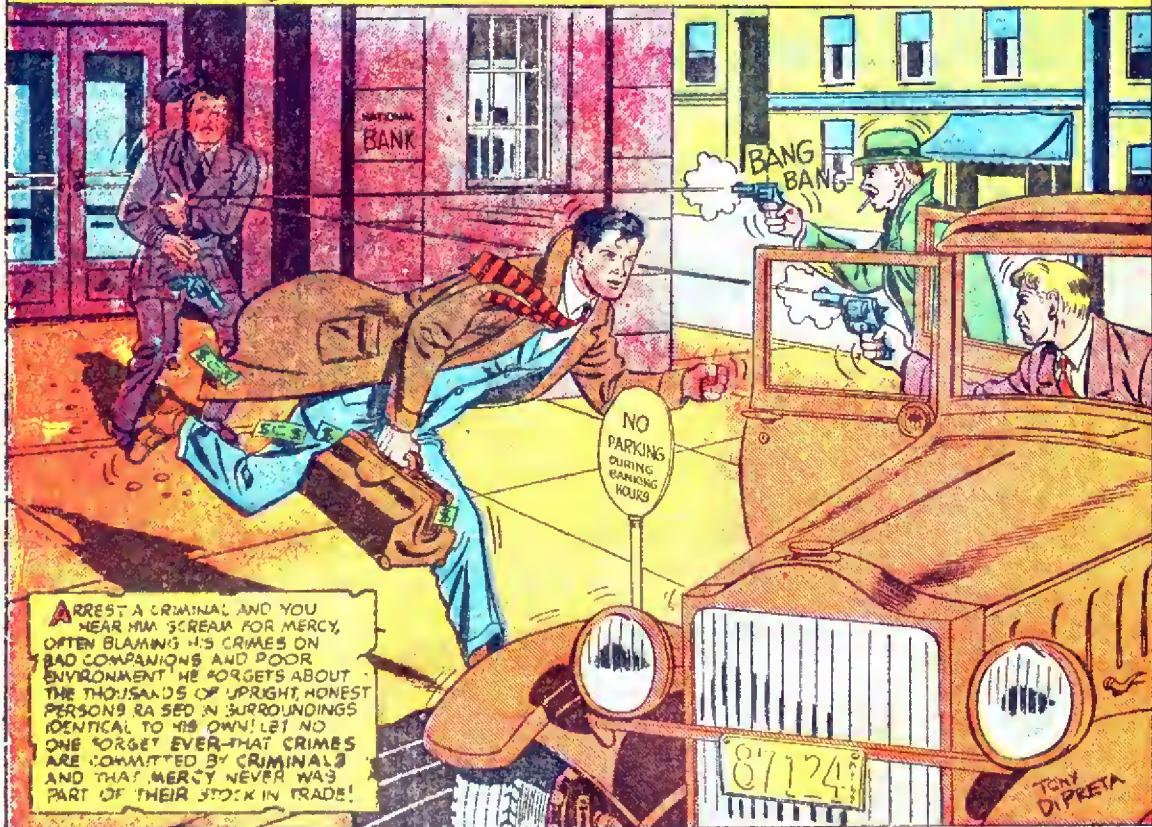
THE END

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME



Frank AND John BUDNIK BAKER

CRIME WAS
THE SCHOOL:
BAKER, THE
TEACHER, AND
BUDNIK, THE
STAR PUPIL!



ARREST A CRIMINAL AND YOU
HEAR HIM SCREAM FOR MERCY,
OFTEN BLAMING HIS CRIMES ON
BAD COMPANIONS AND POOR
ENVIRONMENT HE FORGETS ABOUT
THE THOUSANDS OF UPRIGHT, HONEST
PERSONS RAISED IN SURROUNDINGS
IDENTICAL TO HIS OWN! LET NO
ONE FORGET EVER THAT CRIMES
ARE COMMITTED BY CRIMINALS
AND THAT MERCY NEVER WAS
PART OF THEIR STOCK IN TRADE!

AT CITY HALL PARK IN CLEVELAND, OHIO,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1924, TWO MEN
WATCH A BRAWL!

HEY, JOHN!
LOOK AT THAT
KID GO TO TOWN!
HE AINT NO
ORDINARY
SCRAPPERS!

I LIKE THE
WAY HE KEEPS
BEATIN' THE GUY,
EVEN AFTER HE'S
GOT HIM DOWN!
C'MON, LET'S TALK
TO HIM, STAN!

YOU
WIN, I
SAID! I
GIVE UP!

YOU'RE A
GOOD LITTLE
STRAPPER!
WHERE DID
YA LEARN TO
MIX IT UP
LIKE THAT?
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

MY NAME IS
BUDNIK! YA GOT-
TA BE TOUGH TO
WORK IN THE WEST
VIRGINIA MINES!
I USED TO HAVE
A FIGHT THERE
EVERY DAY! GET
YOUR HANDS OFF,
MAC! I DON'T
LIKE GUYS WHO
ARE TOO
FRIENDLY!

THERE AIN'T
NO COAL MINES
IN CLEVELAND,
SO I TAKE IT
YOU'RE NOT
WORKING!
YA WANT
A JOB?

SURE - IF THE
DOUGH IS GOOD,
AND THE WORK
AIN'T TOO HARD,
I CAME UP HERE
TO GET AWAY
FROM HARD
WORK - IT DON'T
AGREE WITH
ME!

OBEY THE LAW

I'VE BEEN LIVIN' OFF YOU FOR A WEEK NOW, BUT I STILL HAVEN'T DONE A LICK OF WORK! I DON'T GET IT! WHEN AM I GONNA START EARNING MY KEEP-UP AND WHAT SORT OF RACKET ARE YOU IN, ANYWAY?

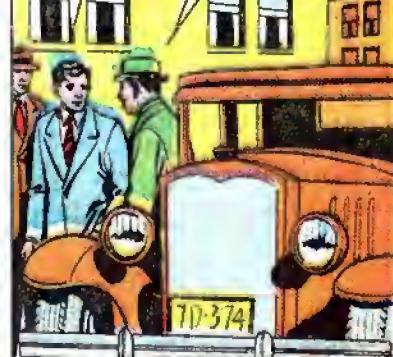
JUST TAKE IT EASY, FRANKIE! YOU'LL GET TOLD EVERYTHING IN DUE TIME!

OH, IT'S YOU-YOU HAD ME SCARED FOR A MINUTE! WHY'RE YOU BUSTING IN LIKE THIS? WHAT'S BREWING, JOHN?

GET YOURSELF PACKED, FRANK, AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY! WE'RE HEADING FOR PITTSBURGH! I'LL TELL YOU ON THE WAY!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.. NOW I'M REALLY CURIOUS!

I CHANGED MY MIND! I DECIDED TO LET YOU WISE UP AS YOU GO ALONG! YOU SAID YOU CAN DRIVE-WELL, GET IN AND DRIVE OUR CAR!



YOUR CAR! BUT YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T HAVE A CAR! OH-OH, I GET IT! WE'RE ROBBING IT! SO THAT'S WHAT THE BIG SECRET WAS! HEY, THAT'S A REAL GUN!

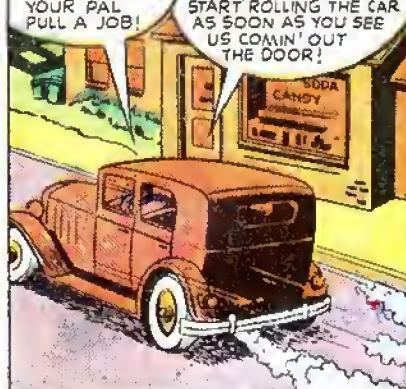
YOU'RE CATCHING ON FAST-HERE, IT'S YOURS! DID YOU EVER HANDLE ONE OF THESE BEFORE?

NO, I NEVER DID! BUT WHAT'S HARD ABOUT IT? NOW, I'M REALLY BEGINNING TO SEE DAYLIGHT! YOU WANT ME TO BE YOUR LOOKOUT WHILE YOU AND YOUR PAL PULL A JOB!

YES, BUT THAT'S ONLY PART OF IT! WATCH EVERYTHING CLOSELY! BEING A LOOKOUT IS ONLY YOUR START, KID! PULL OVER AND STOP JUST PAST THIS CANDY STORE! IT'S THIS SPEAKEASY! START ROLLING THE CAR AS SOON AS YOU SEE US COMIN' OUT THE DOOR!

DRIVE ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR-WE'LL JUMP ON THE RUNNING BOARD WHILE IT'S GOING-AND KEEP THE DOOR OPEN!

AN' IF YOU SEE A COP, TOOT THE HORN THREE TIMES!



OKAY, MISTER! GET YOUR HANDS UP WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM! WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE MOOLA?

RIGHT HERE, UNDER THE COUNTER! SURE, TAKE THE DOUGH-AND I'LL EVEN EMPTY MY POCKETS, BUT FOR PETE'S SAKE, DON'T SHOOT!

I TOLD YOU TO GET YOUR HANDS UP! I'LL HELP MYSELF TO IT! GET OUT FROM BEHIND THAT COUNTER!

BELIEVE ME, BUD, I GOT TO UNLOCK THIS CASH DRAWER FOR YOU FIRST. THAT'S ALL!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, YOU LOUSY RATS! YOU DON'T LIKE IT AHEAD, JOHN! HAS AN EVEN CHANCE, DO YA?

STEP ON IT, STAN! WHEN HE HEARS ALL THIS SHOOTIN', THE KID MIGHT GET NERVOUS AN' DRIVE OFF WITH-OUT US!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

I FEEL SAFER BACK HERE IN CLEVELAND! TOO BAD WE CAN'T SELL THE CARS WE HEIST! WE COULD SURE USE THE JACK! WHAT DO YOU PLAN ON USING FOR MONEY?

WELL HAVE TO PUT PITTSBURGH DOWN AS A BAD INVESTMENT! BUT DON'T WORRY, FRANK, WE'LL MAKE UP FOR IT RIGHT NOW! LET'S GO IN HERE!

I'LL KILL YOU, IF YOU DON'T KEEP WALKIN' BACKWARDS, MISTER—TILL YOU CAN'T SEE THE STREET!

HE MUST'VE BEEN GETTIN' READY TO GO TO THE BANK! EVEN THE COINS ARE ALL ROLLED IN PAPER!

WE FINALLY BROKE THE ICE: A HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT BUCKS! WHAT'S MY CUT? HALF, AINT IT?

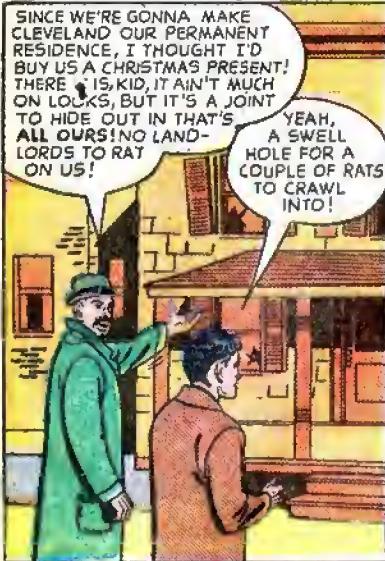
IN A PIG'S EYE! YOU GET TWENTY BUCKS A WEEK AND A CHANCE TO LEARN THE RACKET! YOU'LL GET A FIFTY-FIFTY SPLIT WHEN I THINK YOU'VE EARNED IT!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

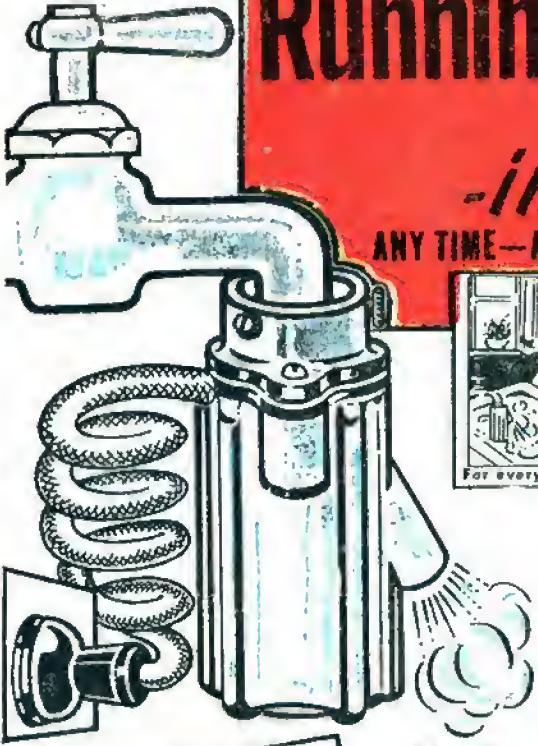


OBEY THE LAW



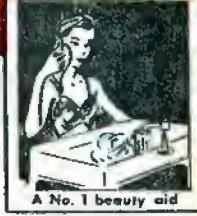
OBEY THE LAW





Running HOT WATER -in a Jiffy!

ANY TIME—ANYWHERE—from any COLD WATER FAUCET!



Seems too good to be true until you see steaming hot water running continuously from any one of your cold water faucets! With the revolutionary new KEM INSTANT HOT WATER HEATER you get as much hot water as you want—right when you want it! All without waiting, fussing with fires or the landlord!

- ✓ Check THESE ADVANTAGES
- ✓ NO MOVING PARTS to wear away or get out of order
- ✓ Runs on AC or DC current
- ✓ Constructed of handsome ivory porcelain
- ✓ Measures 2½" x 3¾", requiring small storage space when not in use
- ✓ Fits any standard cold water faucet
- ✓ Carries 7-foot extension cord
- ✓ Takes only few seconds to attach or remove
- ✓ Exceedingly low cost operation—only a few cents an hour
- ✓ Fully guaranteed against defects in material or workmanship.

NOW
ONLY
\$3.98

**YOUR MONEY REFUNDED WITHIN 5 DAYS
IF KEM HEATER FAILS TO GIVE
INSTANT HOT WATER!**

Don't be inconvenienced another day by lack of hot water in home, cottage, office or factory. ORDER YOUR KEM HEATER TODAY! SEND NO MONEY. Just fill in and mail coupon and then pay the postman \$3.98 plus postage when your heater is delivered, or send \$2.98 and we will pay postage.

Just Turn Faucet To Regulate Temp.ature

Not just hot water, but water at exact heat desired, is what you get with this amazing new heater! A slight turn of your faucet gives you water of any desired temperature from warm to extra hot.

Easily and Quickly Attached

Takes only a few seconds to attach or remove KEM INSTANT HOT WATER HEATER. No special skill or knowledge required. Easier to operate than the average electric iron!

Fits Any Standard Faucet

KEM INSTANT HOT WATER HEATER fills a long and urgent need in basement, garage, cottage, tourist camp, office and factory—and when home hot water supply fails in kitchen or bath.

Fully Guaranteed

Heater is precision made and guaranteed against any and all defects in material and workmanship. With ordinary care, it gives many years of satisfactory service.

KEM SALES COMPANY

Dept. 23 18 E. 41st St., New York 17, N.Y.

Rush KEM HOT WATER HEATER C.O.D., I'll pay postman \$3.98 plus postage.

Enclose \$3.98, send postpaid.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

BERTHA GIFFORD KILLER of 19 PEOPLE!

She tearfully attended their funerals

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY



WHEN BERTHA GIFFORD MOVED TO CATAWISSA, MISSOURI IN 1917, KINDNESS ITSELF SEEMED TO HAVE MOVED IN...



I'M BERTHA GIFFORD, YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR! I HEARD YOUR WIFE WAS TAKEN SICK! I'D LIKE TO HELP NURSE HER! I'M AN AWFULLY GOOD NURSE, REALLY!

WHY, THAT'S RIGHT NEIGHBORLY OF YOU, MISS GIFFORD! COME IN!



NOW YOU JUST GO AHEAD WITH YOUR WORK AND DON'T WORRY A BIT TONIGHT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PATIENT!

THANKS, MISS GIFFORD! YOU'RE REAL KIND!



OBEY THE LAW

BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
WHY SHE DIED! WHEN I
SAW HER LAST NIGHT
ALL SHE HAD WAS
AN ACUTE
INDIGESTION!

THE
POOR,
SWEET
SOUL!
;SOB!

THERE, THERE,
MISS GIFFORD!
YOU DID
EVERYTHING
YOU COULD!



BERTHA GIFFORD SOON BUILT UP A REPUTATION AS
THE KINDEST WOMAN IN CATAWISSA...

I DO DECLARE, BERTHA,
YOU CAME TO NURSE
FREDDY EVEN BEFORE
THE DOCTOR
GOT HERE!

I LOVE CHILDREN,
MRS. JONES!
MAYBE IT'S
BECAUSE I HAVE
NONE OF MY
OWN!



YOU'LL
SEE FREDDY!
TOMORROW
EVERYTHING
WILL BE
DIFFERENT!
DO YOU KNOW
WHY WE EVEN
HAD TO CALL
THE DOCTOR,
NOW THAT
YOU'RE HERE,
BERTHA!

BERTHA REMAINED AT THE
BEDSIDE DAY AND NIGHT,
GIVING THE BOY "THE BEST
OF CARE!"



UNTIL ONE MORNING...

DON'T CRY, MRS.
JONES! IT'S BETTER
THIS WAY! FREDDY
IS BEYOND
PAIN!

B..BUT, BERTHA...
;SOB: H..HE WAS
HARLDY EVEN
SICK! ;SOB:



NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN COULD KEEP BERTHA
FROM PERFORMING HER "ERRANDS OF MERCY"...



WHAT AN HOUR FOR
YOU TO COME, BERTHA!
THREE IN THE
MORNING! YOU
MIGHT'VE CAUGHT
YOUR DEATH
OF COLD!

COULDN'T SLEEP
THINKING OF
YOUR HUSBAND,
MRS. GREEN —
PINING FOR THE
NEED OF A GOOD
NURSE!

ISN'T SHE
JUST THE
KINDEST
THING?



OBEY THE LAW

MY HERB MEDICINE
WILL FIX YOU, RIGHT
UP, MR. GREEN!
IT'LL KILL THAT
STOMACH CRAMP
IN A MINUTE!

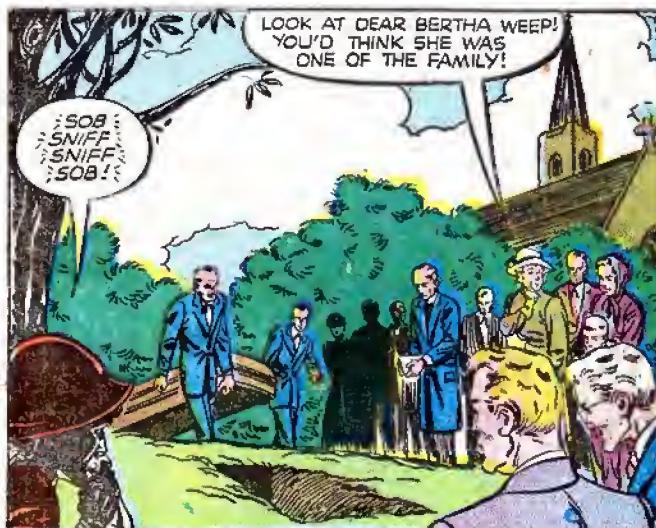
YOU'RE AN
ANGEL,
B. BERTHA...
(GASP)
AN ANGEL

AN ANGEL
OF DEATH.
YOU MEAN!

CAME THE DAWN...

DEATH CAUSED
BY ACUTE
GASTRITIS!

NOW YOU JUST COMPOSE
YOURSELF, MRS. GREEN!
I'LL CLOSE THE POOR
MAN'S EYES AND
ARRANGE FOR THE
FUNERAL!



BERTHA REFUSED AID TO NO MAN! SHE
WAS ESPECIALLY KIND TO DRUNKS—
LIKE SHERMAN POUND...

BEG P. PARDON... NEED YOU ASK,
BERTHA... HIC... MR. POUND? STEP
TOOK ONE TOO RIGHT IN! I'LL
MANY! CAN I HAVE
HIC... SOME COFFEE
BEFORE I HIC?
GO HOME?

HOW
MANY LUMPS
OF SUGAR,
MR POUND?

MARVELOUS
COFFEE,
BERTHA!
NO COFFEE IN THE
WORLD LIKE IT, MR.
POUND! IT'S MADE
A SPECIAL
WAY!



OBEY THE LAW

AND DIDN'T MR. SHERMAN FIND THAT OUT LATER!

MY LANDS! WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR MR. SHERMAN? DIED OF A STOMACH ATTACK FROM ACUTE ALCOHOLISM! NO, SIR, NO ALCOHOLIC COMES TO A GOOD END!



AND SO IT WENT THROUGH THE YEARS! BERTHA WAS FIRST TO NURSE THE PATIENT, AND FIRST TO ATTEND HIS FUNERAL! MANY FAMILIES FELT INDEBTED TO HER...

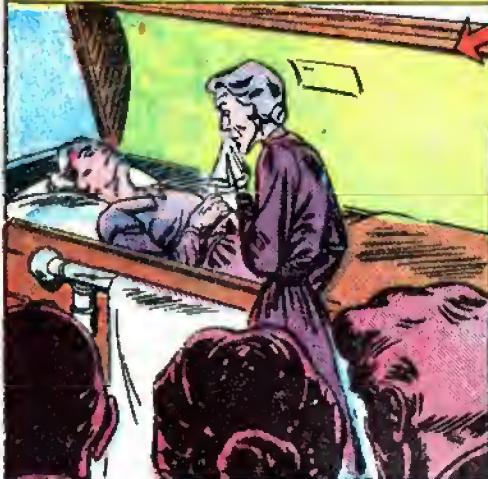


THERE WERE THE STUHLFELDERS- BERTHA NURSED THE BABY WITH PNEUMONIA...



TWO YEARS LATER, SHE TOOK CARE OF A SISTER WHEN SHE HAD CONVULSIONS...

BUT NONE OF THEM RECOVERED! BERTHA WORE HER BLACK DRESS TO ALL FOUR FUNERALS!



AND AFTER MRS. SCHAMEL'S FUNERAL, BERTHA TOOK THE TWO SCHAMEL BOYS, LLOYD, NINE, AND ELMER, SEVEN, HOME WITH HER...



ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE BERTHA GIFFORD, BEING SO KIND?

NEITHER DID BERTHA NEGLECT HER OWN HOUSEHOLD! WHEN IN 1925, MRS. GEORGE SCHAMEL, YOUNG WIFE OF BERTHA'S HIRED MAN, SUFFERED AN ATTACK OF GASTRITIS... BERTHA LET EVERYTHING



BRING THE POOR SOUL INTO THE HOUSE AT ONCE, GEORGE!

BUT THE BOYS DIDN'T STAY LONG! BOTH WERE STRICKEN WITH VIOLENT STOMACH PAINS AND DIED...



DON'T TAKE ON SO, BERTHA! IT'S FATE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

BUT TH..THEY WERE SO YOUNG TO DIE...;SOB;

OBEY THE LAW

IN 1926, AFTER A WEEK'S NURSING, BERTHA DIDN'T ATTEND 3-YEAR-OLD BEULAH POUND'S FUNERAL! THIS IS WHY...

BERTHA DID IT, I TELL YOU! MY BROTHER, SHERMAN, DIED THE SAME WAY IN 1917 AFTER SHE GAVE HIM COFFEE!

FOR SAYING THAT, MRS. POUND, I SHALL NOT ATTEND THE FUNERAL! I WON'T GO WHERE I'M NOT WELCOMED!

THE FIRST SEED OF SUSPICION HAD BEEN SOWN! CLOSER WATCH WAS KEPT ON BERTHA'S NURSING ROUTINES!

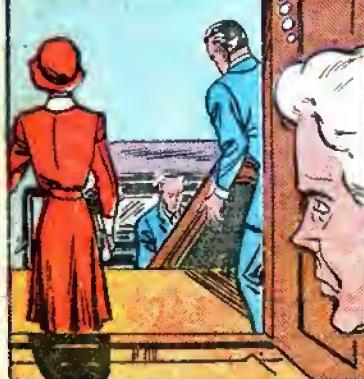
BERTHA GIFFORD! WHAT IS THAT BOX IN YOUR HAND?

B..BOX...WH..WHY, A HOME PREPARATION, THAT'S ALL! GOOD FOR LITTLE MARY, TOO!



SO GOOD WAS BERTHA'S MIXTURE, THAT 7-YEAR-OLD MARY BRINLEY DIED THE NEXT MORNING!

I'M GOING TO HAVE THAT WOMAN EXAMINED BY THE POLICE!.. WHO KNOWS WHAT WAS IN THAT BOX?



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, I WANT THAT GIFFORD WOMAN INVESTIGATED! AMAZING COINCIDENCE, OR IS IT? FIVE NURSED DIED FROM GASTRITIS, LIKE MY NIECE, MARY!

ONE FAMILY ALONE! I SHALL CERTAINLY INVESTIGATE!



YEP! BERTHA GIFFORD BUYS MORE ARSENIC THAN ALL MY CUSTOMERS PUT TOGETHER!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW! I'M ORDERING AN AUTOPSY!



SEVERAL BODIES WERE EXUMED. ALL OF THEM CONTAINED...

ARSENIC! ENOUGH TO KILL TEN MEN!

THE DEATH-DEALING FIEND! PICK HER UP, JONES, FOR MURDER!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...A FULL CONFESSION! THEN...

BUT WHY, BERTHA! WHY DID YOU KILL SO MANY INNOCENT PEOPLE?

I DIDN'T KILL THEM... JUST PUT THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY! BEIDES, I DO LOVE WEARING MY BLACK DRESS TO FUNERALS!



CONVICTED OF NINETEEN KNOWN POISONINGS, BERTHA WAS SENTENCED FOR LIFE TO A PRISON FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE WHERE SHE CAN'T WEAR HER BLACK DRESS OR ATTEND ANY FUNERALS, UNTIL HER OWN!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



the end

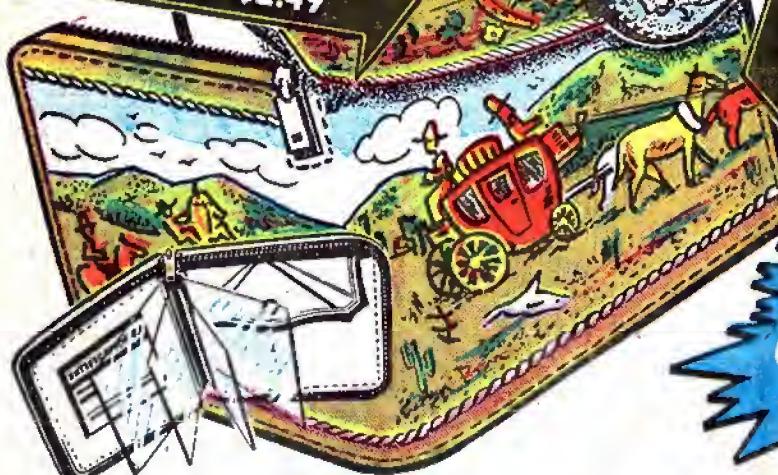
ASTONISHING VALUE

GENUINE OLD WEST SET

HAND-PAINTED,
EMBOSSED
ALL LEATHER BELT
with SILVER-
FINISHED BUCKLE
Price \$2.49

AND MATCHING
SECRET POCKET
ZIPPER
BILLFOLD
Price \$1.98

YOURS FOR
ONLY \$4.25
FOR BOTH!



LOOKS MADE TO ORDER - with dozens of expensive features!

HERE'S
WHAT
YOU
GET!

THIS BEAUTIFUL ALL LEATHER BELT—EMBOSSED AND HAND PAINTED WITH SILVER FINISHED BUCKLE, BELT TIP, AND BRIDGE! This belt is "Real Old West." The vivid colorings—red, blue, yellow, green, white, and brown—are hand painted on top of the embossing so that every detail stands out in its natural color as real as a western picture. The metal buckle, belt tip and bridge are embossed and silver finished, and stitched so that they cannot slip. A real work of art from tip to buckle—the finest product of skilled craftsmen with long years of high quality experience in belt making. It's comfortable, long wearing, distinctive, and harmonizes with almost any costume. Made in sizes 26 to 38.

MATCHING ZIPPER BILLFOLD WITH SECRET POCKET AND 8 PICTURE AND PASS WINDOWS! The same scene on the belt is repeated in all its beauty and detail on the full length—both sides—of the wallet. Each wallet is saddle finished, gorgeously embossed with colors that won't rub off. The smooth sliding zipper completely seals the wallet so nothing can fall out, and in addition to 8 picture and pass windows, there's a built-in change purse and identification card window plus a large currency compartment. And here's the big EXTRAS— a patented secret pocket to hide your precious papers and money from prying eyes.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL TURN
POP-EYED WITH ENVY!



You'll be the pride of the neighborhood when you wear this outfit. This genuine "Old West" set looks made to order especially for you. It's gorgeously hand painted in 6 different colors that make the most of this sensational offer now!

THE LEATHERCRAFT COMPANY
386 MAIN AVE.
CLIFTON, N.J.

SEND NO MONEY—

THE LEATHERCRAFT COMPANY

Dept. 47,
386 MAIN AVE.,
CLIFTON, N.J.

Gentlemen: By return mail, rush me the beautiful hand colored all leather "Old West" Belt, Wallet, or Set as checked below. On arrival I will pay the postman amount indicated plus fed. tax, postage and C.O.D. charges. If I am not completely satisfied, I can return within 10 days for full refund.

My Belt Size Is..... Rush me the Complete Set—\$4.25
 Send Belt Only—\$2.49 Send Wallet Only—\$1.98

My Name _____

Address _____

City. _____ Zone. _____ State. _____

JUST MAIL
COUPON

ORDER DIRECT
BY MAIL
FROM

Broadway Fashions

599 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK 12,
NEW YORK

"Gibson Girl".

ACCENT ON ROMANCE

He'll want to "take you out to the ball game" . . . take you everywhere! You look so blithe and gay in your new Gibson Girl dress. One-piece in crisp check 'n' plain contrast. Fine woven gingham checks for the full swing skirt. More checks for the wide belt and covered buckle, the bewitching big bow, collar and cuffs. Plain rayon faille for the close bodice with its smart three-quarter sleeves. Another Broadway Fashions miracle at only \$5.98! Junior Sizes: 9-11-13-15-17.

BODICE IN NAVY BLUE,
WHITE, GREY OR POWDER BLUE,
WITH MULTI-COLORED
CHECK SKIRT

ONLY
\$5.98

STYLE No.
5290



ONLY
\$7.98

THAT
"Once-in-a-Lifetime
Dress"

WRITE FOR
FREE FASHION
CATALOG

STYLE No.
186

AQUA, PINK, BLUE
OR GREY FRONT
PEPLUM
WITH BLACK

RUSH
COUPON

Broadway Fashions Dept. 5106 599 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

Send these lovely dresses on approval. I'll pay postage listed price per dress plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return same in 10 days for refund. If prepaid we pay postage. Do not send cash.

Style No.	Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice
186			
5290			

NAME (print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____
C.O.D.

STATE _____
CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

SEND NO MONEY

SENT ON APPROVAL

BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference—Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. A23, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it—the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

